The Young Citizen

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From The Front

BY ANNIE BESANT, D. L.

WITH this number, we begin a second year of the *Young Citizen*, and I hope that all our 1923 subscribers will continue to welcome our monthly visit to their homes, and that many new ones will invite us to new homes. The circulation has grown steadily throughout the year, but we have not yet achieved the enlistment of readers enough to cover our expenses; for we have given to our readers so many pages and so many pictures that the subscriptions are not quite enough to balance the expenditure. But a generous friend started us with Rs. 1,000 and that helped us along nicely.

My co-editor has been touring ever since last Christmas and writes encouraging news of the growth of the Youth Movement in the country. A number of Lodges have been founded, some in the Theosophical Youth Federation and some in the general movement. We should be glad to devote every month a page or two specially to this movement, if those who are working in it would send us brief accounts of what they are doing by the 10th of each month.

The chief interest of the month has centred in the Reformed Councils, and our Young Citizens would do well to study the reports which appear, reading them, say, in one paper which opposes Non-Co-Operation and one which supports it, so that they may see both sides of the question. For instance, in papers of the latter class, there are big headlines, announcing great "Swarâjist" victories. These victories consist in throwing out the Budgets for the coming year, completely in the Indian Legislative Assembly, and almost completely in the Bengal and Central Provinces Councils. Now it is true that these votes are victories of voting power: the grants asked for by the Governments in question are refused. The action is constitutional, so far as its form is concerned. The disadvantage is that, as acknowledged both by Responsive Co-Operators and Non-Co-Operators, refusal of supplies is the last weapon in the armory of constitutionalism. If it is ineffective, the alternatives are submission or physical resistance—such as non-payment of taxes.

But we have to look at the results of the victory before we can judge of the wisdom of those who have won it. In a free country, the refusal of supplies means only the overthrow of the Government of the day and its replacement immediately by the Opposition which has overthrown it. In the two Provinces in which supplies have been refused, the victors had, in each case, already refused to make a Government; the Central Government is not responsible to the Legislature, and cannot be thrown out. In the Central Provinces and Bengal, the Ministers resigned, as being responsible to the Legislature; as their constitutional successors have refused to take the empty offices, the Governor is compelled to keep them going, *i.e.*, is compelled to become an autocrat; but he has power to do more than sanction just enoug[illegible] keep the departments going, and schools, [illegible] tals and other institutions will be starv[illegible] the "victory" results in the Central Provi[illegible] establishing autocracy, proroguing the [illegible]

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and while the Reserved Subjects have all they asked for—as the Governor can, in their case, restore all grants—the people of the Province are deprived by the "victory" of the Swarâjists from enjoying the financial help the Ministers hitherto extended to them by the votes of the Legislature. For instance: the people in one case are left without a much needed road and a bridge, which were to have been made before the "victory" refused the money. Probably the electorate will choose better men next time. The "victory" in Bengal has had even worse results, for the universities, schools, etc., will get no grants, and some will have to close down. The Governor there also is forced to be an autocrat, as otherwise the King's Government would collapse, and anarchy would supervene. In the Centre, the Government can go on quietly and restore all the refused grants, the Governor-General being also forced to become an autocrat. Home Rule is postponed by the Swarâjists, and the abandoned autocracy is restored by them.

Now all this has a great lesson for Young Citizens, and that is why I call their attention to it. To enter a Legislature is to take up a great burden of responsibility for the welfare and happiness of the people. To give hasty votes in order to win a technical "victory," and to impose on the people autocracy and taxation which might have been lessened by intelligent work, without any idea of what to do after the "victory," is to show both recklessness and cruel indifference to the welfare of the people. After misleading the electors by wild promises of winning Swarâj, these members have handed them over to autocratic rule. After promising them freedom in the Provinces, they deprive them of all the money needed for vital necessaries.

In the Reform Act, the British Parliament, o[illegible] the plea that Indians could not safely be [illegible]sted to govern themselves, divided power [illegible]een two sets of people: 1. Councillors, [illegible]sted with the safety of the people, the [illegible]nor being given power to restore all [illegible]efused by the Legislature; 2. Ministers, [illegible]d with the progress and prosperity of the people, the Legislature being given power to refuse grants, and the Governor being permitted only to restore sufficient of the grants to keep the machinery of the departments going; the responsibility of taxing the people for the subjects entrusted to the Ministers was thrown on the members of the Legislature, to whom the Ministers were made responsible, and if the members refused to grant the money no one else could give it to them. This is what is called Diarchy. In the Central Provinces and Bengal, the members have refused grants; the result is that in these Provinces the lives and property of the people—law and order—will continue to be safeguarded by the Government, but schools, hospitals, medical relief, and the things necessary for the people's progress and happiness will be left without sufficient money, the people's representatives having refused to grant it. In the Central Government, there is no Diarchy, so the Governor-General and his Cabinet can carry everything on.

Young Citizens must learn, from this renewed servitude and deprivation, to study before they grasp at power, and to think what they will do on the morrow, when they snatch at a "victory" which can only bring trouble on the people. The rest of the Provinces fortunately did not return Swarâjists enough to make serious trouble, so they retain their incomplete liberty, the "half-loaf" which is "better than no bread". The art of Government and the means of winning freedom and bringing happiness and prosperity to the people need self-restraint, insight, courage and careful adaptation of means to the desired ends. The "victorious" army, having reduced itself to impotence by wasting all its ammunition in firing in the air, is doomed to retreat as rapidly as possible. The army announced its coming with much beating of big drums, but retreats without any record of useful service; while the Government peacefully reassumes the autocracy it had abandoned, and imposes taxes without the authority of the representatives of the Nation. An instructive lesson is this for those who will soon possess the vote, to be careful whom they choose to send to the Legislatures of the country.

In The World's Service

The Great Sage of Hinduism

HE who was to be the Lord Buddha, was the World-Teacher of the Fifth or Aryan Root-Race during four of its sub-races. These were the Indo-Aryan, the Arabic-Aryan, the Iranian-Aryan, the Greco-Aryan: *i.e.*, the Aryan Root-Stock which descended about 9000 B.C. from Central Asia into India and gradually conquered it, and is reckoned as the first sub-race, as differentiated therein; the second sub-race, which Aryanised Egypt, taking in the early Arabians left there on the exodus from the doomed Atlantis, and spreading along the northern and southern shores of the Mediterranean, founding colonies, and then travelling southwards by the sea-coasts over Africa; the third sub-race, emigrating into Persia and founding there the mighty Persian civilisation, overpowering and mingling with Semitic elements; the fourth sub-race, emigrating to the Caucasian mountains and thence, after occupying and dwelling in Georgia, resuming its western journey and giving birth to Greece and to the "Latin Races" of Europe. He appeared in each of these, as Founder of a great religion: Vyâsa, the Sage, the "Divider of the Veda," who gave Hinduism in its purest form to the world, with as symbol the Sun; Tehuti, or Thoth, known in the West as Hermes-Trismegistus, the Thrice-Greatest, who founded the "Wisdom of Egypt," with the Light as its Symbol; Zarathûshtra, the Prophet of Iran, with the Fire as emblem; Orpheus, the Singer of Greece, who changed the symbolism from eye to ear, and spoke in Music to the western world.

The WISDOM taught by Him, as each of These, was the same because it is Eternal, and is often named in Hinduism "the Eternal Veda". The word "Eternal" has a significance other than that of everlasting, or of immortal. The Eternal is the Ever-Existing, beginningless, endless, within which come and go the changing cycles of existence. The Eternal Veda is the Ever-Existing Wisdom. It is not discovered nor invented. It ever IS. A fragment of it passes down through the ages of a globe, in the hands of World-Teachers, transmitted from One to Another. When a World-Teacher has finished His sublime task, He gives it to His Successor, and passes into the Supreme Nirvâna. When each successive chain of worlds originates, the Lord of the system to which they belong, manifesting in His triple aspect as Creator, Preserver and Regenerator, gives the Eternal Veda to Brahmâ as Creator. He gives it to the presiding Lord of the chain of worlds to be, and He in turn to the Head of each world. Thus the fragment of the Eternal Veda passes downwards through the long ages, and comes, subdivided for each great department, for the nourishment of all beings, "the Bread which cometh down from heaven".

In this great succession Vyâsa appears, the Great Sage of Hinduism, called the Divider of the Veda, because the Veda of the chain passed as a unit from Brahmâ to Vishnu, the Preserver, when living forms were to appear, and made the great divisions for each Yuga, or Age, necessary for its adaptation to the needs of our glob[illegible] for its evolution during this part of the "Day [illegible] Brahmâ," and the World-Teachers of each Y[illegible] made such further sub-divisions as were n[illegible]sary for each Root-Race.

Thus came Vyâsa in His turn, having a[illegible] come as World-Teacher to the later thre[illegible]

races of the fourth Root-Race. He came, as said, as World-Teacher for the fifth Root-Race during its four earlier sub-races. And for the Root-Race, He founded the world-religion of Vedânta, which includes the essentials of each sub-race religion, each of which brings out one dominant note of the Septate of the Vedânta. And the first of these was Hinduism, modified to develop the essential features of the eldest sub-race as planted in India, the most stable of all the civilisations which were to be developed in the emigration-children of the central stock. The Sage Vyâsa is also spoken of as the composer of the *Mahâbhârata*, after the reverent Indian fashion of ascribing to the Guru the work of great disciples. It is known that there have been different recensions of this huge work, varying very much in length. So also are the Purânas ascribed to Him, for it was felt that He was, as it were, the "Oversoul" of Hinduism, inspiring its wonderful literature. It may be interesting to many to see how He is spoken of in the *Vishnu Purâna*:

"In the twenty-eighth Dvapara Age, My son Vyâsa separated the four portions of the Veda into four. In the same manner as the Vedas were arranged by Him, as Veda-Vyâsa, so were they divided in former periods by all the preceding Vyâsas, and by Myself; and the branches into which they were subdivided by Him were the same into which they had been distributed in every aggregate of the four Ages." This indicates that the name Vyâsa was a symbolic term for the World-Teacher, meaning the *arranger* or the *compiler* of the sacred Scriptures.

The *Mahâbhârata* is full of stories about Vyâsa. In the Adi Parva it is described how Vyâsa came to write the *Mahâbhârata*. The description ends with the following paragraph:

"Vyâsa executed the compilation of the *Bhârata* exclusive of the episodes, originally in twenty-four thousand verses; and so much only is called by the learned as the *Bhârata*. fterwards He compiled an epitome in one ndred and fifty verses, consisting of the introtion with the chapter of contents. This he taught to His son Shuka; and afterwards it to others of His disciples who were posof the same qualifications. After that ecuted another compilation, consisting of sixty hundred thousand verses. Of these thirty hundred thousand are known in the world of the Devas; fifteen hundred thousand in the world of the Pitris; fourteen hundred thousand in the world of Gandharvas, and one hundred thousand in the regions of mankind."

Now when was it that Vyâsa made the recension of the four Vedas for the Aryans? Where did He live, and do we know anything about His life in that incarnation? As said above, the original Home of the Aryan Race was not in India. They entered India from the north, thousands of years ago. They were already a highly civilised people, having come from a mighty Empire near the Gobi Sea, which was their early home. The configuration of the world was rather different in those days from what it is to-day. The sinking of the island of Poseidonis, and the earth movements in conjunction with its sinking, caused a radical change in the climate and geography of Central Asia, making it the arid and sparsely populated place it is at the present time. Before the sinking of Poseidonis, in 9564 B. C., what is now the Gobi desert was a great Sea, with mighty cities upon its borders, with fertile lands surrounding it, and with a happy people living upon its shores. This was the home of the Aryan Race after its travels, the centre whence have sprung all the Aryan peoples, Indian, Arab, Persian, Kelt and Teuton. It was in about 60,000 B. C. that the Race was definitely established. He who was, and is, the Ruler of the Race, the Manu Vaivasvata, had brought with Him from Atlantis and Arabia the germ of the Race that was to be. He settled them first near the Northern Sea and then in a valley to the north of the Gobi Sea, about 78,000 B. C., where they survived the convulsions caused by the sinking of part of the earlier continent of Atlantis, situated where the Atlantic Ocean now rolls.

After this difficult period was over, He settled His people on the southern shore of the Gobi Lake, opposite to the great White Island, which is the home of the Rulers of the World. Here the Children of the Manu established a mighty civilisation, at first stretching round the shores of the Gobi Lake, and afterwards occupying and conquering such countries as China, and even spreading over Burma, the East Indian Archi-

pelago, and Australia. The former presence of these Aryan rulers may yet be traced in the primitive tribes of the Malay Peninsula and in Australia, and the fact of this slight admixture of Aryan blood explains many problems which puzzle the scientists of to-day.

The capital of this Empire was a mighty City, well worthy of being the Mother-City of the Aryan Race, built on the spot on the mainland where the Children of Manu first settled. It faced the Great White Island, and there was a marvellous Causeway, connecting the Island with the City proper. This bridge was so remarkable that it gave its name to the City, sometimes called the City of the Bridge, sometimes Manova, the City of Manu. The City was thousands of years in the building, and, when complete, was a marvel. The White Island was the centre on which the main streets converged, so that if they had crossed the intervening sea they would have ended on the Island. Low cliffs rose from the sea, and from these the land sloped up gradually to the lovely purple hills twenty miles away. The main streets were so wide that even from their extreme ends the Temples on the White Island could be seen. It was the most prominent object, and seemed to dominate all the City's life. The Island itself sloped up to a central point, and the builders took advantage of this. They built stupendous Temples on it, all of white marble with inlaid work of gold, and these covered the whole Island, making it a single sacred City. They rose towards the huge Temple in the centre, which was crowned with minarets and arches, with a lotus-bud dome in the middle. The dome was over the great hall, wherein the Four Kumâras appeared on special occasions, great religious festivals, and ceremonies of National importance. From a distance, the effect of the white and golden city, like a white dome set in the midst of the blue Gobi Lake, all the buildings seeming to spring upwards into the clear air towards the centre, and to be crowned with the fairy dome, almost floating in the atmosphere, was extraordinarily beautiful and impressive. Both inside and outside, the Temples on the White Island were adorned with many carvings. A large number of these contained Masonic symbols, for Masonry inherits its symbols from the Mysteries, and all Aryan Mysteries were derived from this ancient Centre of Initiation. In one room attached to the central Temple, apparently used for teaching, there was a series of carvings, beginning with the physical atom and going on to the chemical atoms, arranged in order, and with explanatory lines marking the various combinations. "Verily, there is nothing new under the sun."

Alas for the great catastrophe which shook these mighty buildings into ruins. But for that, they might have lasted for thousands upon thousands of years. Even at the present day, there are all kinds of stories connected with the Gobi desert. It is haunted by goblins, and there are wonderful sights to be seen in its midst, which the natives living on its verge speak of with bated breath. There are marvellous things to be discovered in the Gobi, as future archæologists will no doubt realise. This mighty Empire was at its zenith about 45,000 B. C., from which period it began gradually to decline, the attention of the Manu being concentrated then upon the evolution and dispersal of various sub-races, the Arab, Persian, Kelt, Teuton, who were led out from their original homes by the Manu Himself, when each was ready for its duty and for its independent life.

We cannot answer with any certainty the questions written above; but it seems probable that among the Mighty Beings who dwelt on the White Island, Vyâsa was one, and there taught what we have called the World-Religion, the Vedânta, not in the forms in which we have it to-day, but in a wondrous synthesis, from which He drew out for India Hinduism, and for His second sub-race the Wisdom of Egypt, and for Iran the Religion of Fire, and for Greece that of Music, the builder of beautiful forms. And from it, too, were to be drawn out the religions for the three remaining sub-race religions by Hi successor, as we see in that of the fifth sub-ra Divine Grace poured out freely on the child of men. What it yet contains for the sixth the seventh sub-races are secrets hidden ir Heart of the present Teacher of the W the Compassionate, the Almighty Lor Love.

Buddhist Stories

XI

SUPPABUDDHA THE LEPER

THUS Have I heard. Once the Exalted One was staying near Râjagaha, in the Bamboo Grove, at the Squirrels' Feeding-ground.

Now there lived in Râjagaha at that time a certain poor man, who was a leper, named Suppabuddha, a poor, miserable, wretched creature. And it happened at that time that the Exalted One was sitting there in the midst of a great multitude, teaching the Law.

And Suppabuddha, the leper, saw from afar the multitude gathered together, and at the sight he thought: "Without a doubt an alms-giving of food, both hard and soft, is toward yonder. Suppose I draw near to yonder crowd. I might get here somewhat to eat, soft food or hard."

So Suppabuddha, the leper, drew near that crowd, and he beheld the Exalted One sitting there amid a great crowd, preaching the Law, and so, seeing the Exalted One, he thought: "Lo! There is no alms-giving here of food, both hard and soft. It is Gautama, the Samana, preaching the Law in the assembly. Suppose I were to listen to the teaching."

So he sat down at one side, thinking: "I too will listen to the teaching."

Now the Exalted One, reading with His thought the thoughts of that whole gathering, said to Himself: "Who, I wonder, of these present is able to grasp the Truth?" Then He saw Suppabuddha, the leper, sitting in the crowd, and at the sight of him He knew: "This one can grasp the Truth."

So, for the sake of Suppabuddha, the leper, the Master preached a sermon, dealing in order due with these topics: On Alms-Giving, on the Holy Life, and on the Heaven-World, and He pointed out the meanness and vileness of sensual desires and the profit of freedom from the taints.

Now when the Exalted One saw that the heart of Suppabuddha, the leper, was softened, ...t, set free, elated and full of faith, then He set forth to him the Doctrine most excellent of Buddhas, to wit, Suffering, the Cause of Suffering, the Ceasing thereof and the Path.

Then, just as a white cloth, free from stains, is ready to receive the dye, even so in Suppabuddha, the leper, as he sat there in that very place, arose the pure, stainless insight of the Truth, the knowledge that whatsoever hath beginning, that also must have an end. And Suppabuddha, the leper, saw the Truth, reached the Truth, perceived the Truth, plunged into the Truth, crossed beyond doubting, was freed from all questionings, won confidence, and needing nothing further, being established in the Master's Doctrine, sprang up from his seat and drew near to Him, and there sat down at one side.

So seated, he said to the Exalted One: "Excellent, O Lord! Excellent, O Lord! Just as if, Lord, one should lift up the fallen, discover the hidden, point out the way to one bewildered, show a light in the gloom, saying, 'Now they that have eyes to see can see forms,' even so in diverse ways has the Exalted One expounded the Truth. I, even I, O Lord, do go for refuge to the Exalted One, to the Truth, and to the Order of Brethren. May the Exalted One accept me as His follower, as one who from this time forth even to life's end takes refuge in Him!"

Thereupon Suppabuddha, the leper, being taught, established, roused and made happy by the Exalted One's pious talk, praised and welcomed His words, gave thanks, and rose up from his seat, saluted the Exalted One by the right and went his way.

And it came to pass that a young calf flung down the leper Suppabuddha and gored him to death.

Now a number of the brethren went to the Exalted One, drew near, saluted Him and sat down at one side. So seated, they said to the Exalted One: "Lord! Suppabuddha, the leper, after being taught, established, roused and made happy by the Exalted One's pious talk, is now dead. Pray, what is his rebirth? What is his attainment?"

(Then said the Master): "Brethren! Suppabuddha, the leper, was a Sage. He lived according to the Law. He did not worry me with

disputings about the Truth. Suppabuddha, brethren, by breaking the Three Fetters is a Stream-winner. He hath escaped the Downfall. He hath won assurance. He is bound for enlightenment."

Upon this, a brother asked the Exalted One: "Pray, Lord, what was the condition, what was the cause that made Suppabuddha, the leper, a poor, mean, miserable creature?"

"Once upon a time, brother, Suppabuddha, the leper, was son to a rich man in this very town of Râjagaha. One day, walking through a garden, he saw Tagara-Sikkhi, the Private Buddha,* entering the town to beg, and on seeing Him, he thought: "What does *this leper* here?" and spat upon Him and went his way. Thereafter he went to hell for many a year, for hundreds, for thousands, for many hundred thousands of years, and as the fruit of that deed he was reborn here in this town of Râjagaha, as a leper, a poor, mean, miserable creature. He, as soon as he came into the Norm Discipline (*Dhamma-vinaya*) set forth by the Goal-Winner, took on the faith, took on the holy life, the doctrine, self-sacrifice and wisdom; and thus established, when the body was destroyed, at death he was reborn in the happy state, the blissful world, in the company of the Gods of the Thirty-third Degree, and there does he outshine all other Gods in glory and in fame."

Thereupon the Exalted One, beholding the fitness of the theme, gave utterance to this solemn saying:

As he that hath eyes to see
The pitfalls in his path,
Should journey stoutly on;
So in this world of men
The Sage should put away
All sin and wickedness.

(Translated from the *Udâna*, the Book of Solemn Sayings, V. 3).

F. L. WOODWARD

Note:—Pacceka (Private) *Buddhas* are equal to other Buddhas, and they do not preach the Dhamma to the world. Some say they are *Manus*.

The Garden

God made me plant a garden
With every flower I knew,
And border all the footpaths
With herbs for healing too;
He gave me all the garden tools
And showed me what to do.

"When thou hast made the garden fair,"
The Lord God said to me,
"And free from all that may offend,
Then I will walk with thee,
And tell thee what may yet be done
And what is yet to be."

With joy and hope and eagerness
I set me to my task;
I made a shady corner
The noontide sun to mask,
Its hither side at morn and eve
Within its rays to bask.

Green close-clipt lawns did rest the eye,
And flowers all gemmed with dew
Up to the sky did raise their heads
Of fragrant rainbow hue.
And thus my garden, tended well,
In grace and beauty grew.

Then one day towards the sunset hou[r]
In hush of eventide,
The Master of the garden came
And called me to His side;
Oh! how I hasted, and my heart
Did glow with happy pride.

But my dear Master's face was sad;
My joy fled in dismay.
"Are there no guests to welcome Me?
Or hast thou said them nay?
Was ere a garden made for *one?*"
My pride shrank quite away.

"The healing borders where are they?"
He questioned yet again.
My troubled heart found no reply;
Had I then toiled in vain?
Had He no praise for beauty, born
In that transformed plain?

"I thought to make all fair, my Lord,"
At last I murmured low.
"For Thee, it was for Thee alone,
I made my garden grow;
And when it glowed with beauty, then
I sought to keep it so."

R. P.

The Young Citizen

WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD LEARN AT SCHOOL

WHAT should everyone learn at school in these modern so-called civilised days? A very pertinent question, and one that is sought to be answered in ever-increasing measure by all who realise how much depends on education. It will probably interest our readers to know what H. G. Wells thinks everyone should learn. In any case, his views may stimulate other views into existence, and it would be particularly interesting to learn what *young* citizens think that young citizens should learn. So I specially invite young citizens to give their opinions in short and compact form—just what should be learned, without going into argumentative detail. Here is Wells' contribution, from *The American Magazine*, "What everyone should learn at School".

In a recent article I set out to answer the interesting question: What everyone should read. By everyone I understood plainly and simply everyone; I did not suppose there was any limiting under-thought to the question, tha[illegible] everyone was meant "Everyone who *is* a[illegible]" or any catch of that sort. I assu[illegible]t everyone in a modern, civilised, demo[illegible] tate meant everyone with a vote, the wi[illegible]-cleaner and the farm-hand and the section[illegible] and, just as much as the advertising solicitor or the department manager, or the doctor, I set myself to the question what they ought to read to justify their possession of votes. I did not write of the reading of serfs or mental defectives, but of free men and women, free to read what they liked and consciously exercising a voice in the destinies of our world.

I wrote, therefore, of people who read fifty or so books a year, who kept up their acquaintance with Universal History, who would read up such subjects as Maya History, or Florentine History, or economic discussion, who wouldn't [illegible] afraid of Plato's *Republic* as well as the [illegible]*els*, who would consult such a newspaper [illegible] *Nature* or the *Scientific American* to note [illegible] was happening to the general ideas of [illegible]ce. Whereupon I was told that no one [illegible] in fifty is at that level of education.

I knew that quite well, but it wasn't my business when I was answering that particular question I had set out to answer. I was asked what everybody should read in a great, free, modern democracy, and not whether everybody was capable of reading what ought to be read. But now that may come up for consideration. I propose to discuss a few plain and obvious facts about popular education, even in such advanced and progressive communities as the United States and the British peoples. These facts are indeed so plain and obvious that most people seem to have got used to them to the extent of taking them for granted, and forgetting that they call for action.

The main fact that I want to lay stress upon is this: that these great, rich, crowded communities are dangerously and, indeed, quite preposterously under-schooled. In the last fifty years, there has been a certain amount of improvement in the apparatus and method of general education, but when that improvement is compared with the advances in, let us say, power machinery, transport, and steel production, or with the destructiveness of war, or with the scope and danger of international problems, or with the demands made by industrial and political life on the ordinary common man, it is not perceptible as improvement at all; it is seen for what it is, as hopeless lagging and retrogression.

London to-day is the second greatest city in the world; it confronts the visitor now with tremendous dignity and beauty. Since I have known it, it has been made over very completely; its ancient beauties have been cleared and set out with a new bravery, and a vast wealth of new and splendid buildings have been added to it. When first I knew it, it was dark and dingy at night, and I used to go to teach my biological classes in Bookseller's Row through a tangle of disorderly slums. Now it blazes with light, and where those slums stood runs a wide and dignified thoroughfare. One travelled, about that former London by "Underground," choked by sulphurous smoke, or in evil-smelling horse omnibuses.

Now one goes cleanly and swiftly in electric cars, or large clean motor busses. There is no comparison between the shops of to-day and a quarter of a century ago. But the schoolroom of London to-day looks like, smells like, and is like, the schoolroom of that remote time. It might be the same under-paid, under-fed, half-trained and overworked young woman, who struggles with the same over-sized class. There might be differences an expert could point out, changes in the regulations for the most part, but the essentials would be the same.

Let me tell you one eloquent little item about the school-teaching in the mighty city of London to-day, in order that you may judge what sort of citizens the British Empire is making, and what manhood she prepares for the great trials that lie before her. The allowance made in this glorious old city—it is still the financial centre of the world, I am told, or, at any rate, it is putting up a very stout fight against New York for that position, and its hospitality, its munificence are proverbial about the earth—the allowance made per head for a year's supply of all consumable and non-consumable educational apparatus—books, paper, crayons, kindergarten materials, pen points, board dusters, gum, pins, sticks, music, *etc.*, *etc.*, is one shilling and six pence (thirty-five cents at the current exchange). Before the War, it was two shillings and six pence, and that was when everything was cheaper.

The consequence is that very often the future British citizens, the Lords of India and so forth, sit in their class-rooms with nothing to write upon and nothing to write with, while the teacher vamps up some old teaching with apparatus fit only for the dust-bin. And one schoolmistress I know of goes off to tho grocer to get a four-penny packet of that cheap white paper grocers use, and pays for it out of her skimpy pay, in order to teach a little drawing. These are facts to bring the blush of civic pride to the cheek of the hardiest Londoner. Britain may squander money in Mesopotamia and Russia, but at any rate she does go in for economy at the heart of things. She is making her future citizens just as cheap stuff as she can contrive. She is the mighty mother of cheap men. Recently the London County Council has introduced a hundred absolutely untrained cheap teachers into its infant schools, who will burke the little minds from the start in order to save the price of a street car.

There seems no end to the cheapening of the British citizen. Poor white trash is the London educational ideal.

I do not think the New Yorker has much to congratulate himself upon in this respect. New York is a towering city, a great shout of energy; you are asked to be amazed, and you are amazed, at its bridges, hotels, banks, office buildings, vast stores, and beautiful avenues, at the view of Lower New York in the sunset from Brooklyn, at the Pennsylvania Rail-road Station and Central Park. But nobody ever lays hold of one in New York and says: "Come and see what America can do in the way of a people's school!" And when it comes to the rural schools of America there can be little doubt that they are cheaper and meaner by far even than the equivalent British Schools. There are more automobiles per head of population in America than in any other country in the world, but the dear little old cheap one-roomed red schoolhouse, and its immature and undertrained cheap teachers have still hardly moved forward from the stage of the one-horse shay. The American buys his boots and candy in a palace from a millionaire, and he gets his education in a shanty from a needy young woman. He certainly gets the best boots and candy in the world. And, poor as his general education is, it is better than he deserves.

Of course, it is no good writing about what everybody should learn in a school of this contemporary sort. The amazing thing is that anyone learns anything in these indescribably shabby places; that the teachers get any results at all in them fills me with awe and amazement. The elementary teacher is, I am convinced, the most heroic and devoted figure in the modern community. These teachers are the Caryatides of our social fabric and they are doomed to perpetual toil a[illegible] poverty. But if we are really to discuss w[illegible] everyone should learn at school, we must [illegible] suppose a community with sufficient self[illegible]pect to have its schools properly equipped [illegible] its teachers properly trained and treated

paid, even if it has to go short of millionaires to manage it.

When I write of what everyone should learn in school, the school I shall have in mind will not be one of these paupers' places our millionaires, and the anti-waste newspapers they feed to us, allow us to have to-day. I shall be thinking of a real, live, civilised school, a school fit to dominate the village or the street in which it is found. It will be a more important building by far than the local bank or the chief local stores. It will have to be much larger than any church, for a church needs only one gathering place for its congregation, and the school needs several; it needs a great variety of class-rooms and laboratories, a picture gallery, a library, a theatre, a museum, and an experimental garden. Of course the local cinema theatre will be included among its dependencies. It will not only be making the lives of the future, but it will be entering into the lives of the present in a hundred various ways, and its staff will be among the most prosperous and important people in the place. They will be the nearest approach to an aristocracy the new world will suffer—an intellectual and moral aristocracy.

That is the sort of common school the world is going to have some day, though I do not know how long we are going to wait about and waste our lives, humdrumming along the lines of the shabby old past, instead of getting on to our destiny. And I cannot hazard a guess which Nations will get first to such schools. Probably the Americans—or the Japanese. Or the Czechs —or the new Russia that is coming. Or it may be that old England may yet decide to make an effort and rescue its wonderful common people from the sweater and the parson, the profiteer and the reactionary. Certainly the Nation which gets first to real modern schools is going to breed masters and leaders for all the rest of the world.

It was one of Henry James's criticisms of the odern city as he found it in his "American ne" that it centred on nothing; there was athedral or palace to which the whole place p, as its head and purpose and explanation. y mind, it is the school, as the creative ssion of the aim of the community, which will some day give a new nucleus to the aimless sprawl of our present agglomerations of streets and houses, the school in the small town, the university in the great one. In the coming cities of America and the reconstructed world, schools and universities may presently tower over the towns as the cathedrals do over the older cities of Europe, and as the Pyramids and colossal statue of the God Pharaoh towered over the towns of ancient Egypt. The university and its associated schools should be the loveliest and greatest mass of architecture in every great town. The common school should be the centre and pride of every village. And such a school should not be thought of as merely preparing children for a way of living already defined and settled; it should be thought of as giving a direction to the whole life of the people.

And that brings me to the main statement of what everyone should learn at school.

Surely the essential business of a school is to show the young citizen, broadly and clearly, the great task and adventure of humanity, the steady accumulation of knowledge and power, in which it is his or her destiny to play a more or less worthy and honorable rôle. The school has to show the youngster his or her relationship to life as a whole, and the possibilities and responsibilities of that relationship. Deeper spiritual significances may be left to the child's religious teacher, but the practical realisation of the fact that life is not to be lived well or happily as a selfish and narrow personal adventure, but only as a bold and conscious participation in all the wonderful past, all the dramatic present, and all the splendid future of mankind, must be the work of the school.

At such a school as the great English School at Oundle, under the late F. W. Sanderson, this was deliberately sought to be done. There stands a building in the midst of the School Campus which is called the Temple of Vision. Sanderson was planning its equipment when he died. It was not to have been a laboratory or a class-room, but a place to which boys whose minds were opening out from the age of thirteen or fourteen upward were to have gone to look and think and learn. About the

walls there were to have been chronological charts planned to show the ever-quickening evolution of life and mankind. In cases about the room exhibits were designed to illustrate the steady onward thrust of human progress; exhibits showing the development of human implements, of the use of the metals, of the means of locomotion, of the arts of the architect and engineer. These exhibits were to have been constantly refreshed and renewed by groups of boys in a way that was characteristic of the Oundle method, but their message was to have remained the same. It was to have been the message of life moving onward and upward from slow, lowly, and instinctive beginnings toward conscious unity and power.

All the teaching of Oundle School, and especially the historical and geographical and literary work, was to have been replanned in relation to that Temple of Vision, and the influence of that Temple was to have radiated back upon all the work in the school. It was to have been the eye, the star in the forehead, of the new school. The idea of participation in the incessant progressive movement of the race was more and more the dominating idea of Oundle during its great days, and the thought of distinction and personal success, of making a fortune or getting on in the world, was entirely subordinated to that.

Sanderson, the great headmaster of this place, who died so suddenly last summer, was more and more insistent upon the importance of such a Temple of Vision in every school and group of schools and colleges in the world. He wanted to see these Temples of Vision multiply everywhere. They were to state an aim for all mankind. With such an aim stated, education becomes the exhilarating solution to the riddles and perplexities of the personal life; without it, education is a diet of stale and unprofitable scraps. Unhappily, Sanderson died with his task unfinished. I have had to write "was to have been" to all he intended to do. The Temple of Vision stands at Oundle still, but it remains an empty shell, an unfinished beginning, waiting for a new impulse to stir it into life and use. That impulse will come in its own time at Oundle or elsewhere, and the schools of the future will wear their Temples of Vision as a miner wears a light on his forehead, while they hew out power for mankind.

Apart from all that Sanderson planned and laid the foundations for in the great School he developed at Oundle, there were many wonderful things he did there that I feel tempted to dilate upon. He did his utmost to bring his boys into touch with the life of the world into which they were so soon to go. There was an experimental farm attached to the school, in which elder boys worked out tests and problems brought to them by the farmers of the countryside; actual engineering work in connection with outside businesses was done in the Oundle laboratories; boys went away into industrial districts to study the conditions of work and labor; they helped in research work at the Marine Biological Station at Plymouth and elsewhere. But for the fuller details of such things, the interested reader should go to the book on Sanderson, *Sanderson of Oundle*, which has recently been published. It will help him to realise how close and vital the connection can be made between the organisation of a school and the business life of the community into which it feeds its pupils.

His or her place in space and in time and in the adventure of life is what everyone should learn at school. That, in general terms, is the answer to the question I have set here. But now let us go a little into detail and ask by what sort of teaching and through what forms this learning is to be done. The raw material of the civilised man is still a self-seeking savage; man, the anthropologists tell us, has changed but little since the days of flint implements, a hundred centuries ago.

And it was the women of the early human family who taught the first lessons of mutual toleration and mutual help, who developed speech and common understanding, and through the long ages made possible the growth of the early patriarchal herd, a mere handful of bestial sub-humans, into the tribe with its laws an[illegible] customs and security. Mother-teaching was t[illegible] beginning of all education; the mother tau[illegible] speech and counting, told her wonder tales, [illegible] her cautionary stories.

The school of to-day does little more [illegible] expand and carry on that primitive mo[illegible]

teaching; the teaching of the understanding of words and signs made by others and of self-expression so as to be understood. In our schools we must learn first to use the great instrument of language that has developed out of the simple sounds and gestures of the tribe, to read, and understand what we read, to express ourselves clearly by drawing, speaking, and writing, to understand and use general mathematical and scientific ideas and processes, and to know and observe the rules and organisation of the State in which we live.

And since the world is now plainly becoming one single community of intercourse, it is necessary that we should know not only the speech and general ideas of our own people, but something also about the languages and ruling ideas of the chief other Nations in the world. An American or British schoolboy (or schoolgirl) at sixteen—and it is, of course, ridiculous to think of educating people properly unless their schooling can be continued up to sixteen at least—should be able to speak, read, and write English correctly and vividly—to which a certain knowledge of Latin and Greek is highly conducive—should be able to read an ordinary book in two or three other languages, French, German, Spanish, Italian, or Russian, for example, and speak such languages sufficiently well for the ordinary needs of everyday travel, should be able to make an uuderstandable sketch of an engine part or a strange animal, and should be able to grasp the mathematical formulæ in an ordinary text-book of Physics. And also he should have been given the fullest opportunity to develop skill in hand and limb in the workshop and the playing field. And in the matter of knowledge, or rather, shall I say? of *vision*, he should be an enlightened creature.

He should possess a general idea of the origins of life and the broad outlines of human history, of the leading ideas and methods of physical and chemical science, and of the laws of his own health and happiness. He should know something of mental science; should have been taught to watch the coming of evil moods of outbreaks of "temper" in himself and rs. He should have learnt patience and ance with others, and much self-control, the reasonableness of reparation and conciliation when self-control has failed. He (or she) should be reading literature and especially history, with a steadily increasing sympathy and understanding, preparing to take part in the general political life of the world, and already turning his attention toward the particular tasks to which his tastes and gifts direct him. Such, I conceive, should be the product of a properly equipped modern school, supplying the normal public education to the common everyday child of a civilised community.

The years about seventeen, eighteen, nineteen are the great formative years of life, but they belong rather to the college or continuation school than to the school proper, and I will not go on to discuss that phase of education now. I will go on to deal with a more immediately interesting fact, the fact that what I have set down here as a simple and reasonable common education, as indeed the common education necessary if civilisation is to go on, will strike a very great number of readers as a monstrous, indeed as a preposterous, demand. They will want to laugh at it and do their best to do so. "What!" they will say, "errand boys and servant girls speaking three languages, quoting Shakspere and discussing Einstein! Cultivated field laborers and miners with views about the Sumerians! Yaha! Yaha! Why? I—even I—I don't speak French easily. Not with a perfect accent, you know. (I read it, of course. That is to say, if I wish to.) And I've got on very well without it. Very well. I pay supertax. And besides!—if this sort of nonsense goes through, *who's* going to black my boots?"

So highly uneducated a gentleman in any properly organised state of affairs, would, of course, black his own boots and probably—as his general job—the boots of his betters. But that and the thousand similar outcries which this article will produce, presents just the chief difficulty in the way of bringing about a happy civilisation in an educational State. There is an immense opposition, active and passive, on the part of the prosperous and influential under-educated. They fear education—for others and for themselves.

People do not realise how under-educated we all are. Few of us have any inkling of

how much below our full personal possibilities we stand. Few people have the imagination and will needed to see the gifts to mankind still latent in organisation and education. Just as they cannot understand how our world can get along unless we catch a lot of poor little lads and lasses and starve them mentally in order to get our messages carried, our fires lit and our boots blacked, so they do not suspect their own personal failure to be what they might have been. They do not know what education can do, just as their great grandparents in 1820 did not know what engines could do, and would have laughed with much the same touch of fear and spite in their laughter at the idea of travelling in safety and comfort at sixty miles an hour. How they laughed at the foolish idea of men flying, many of us can still remember. Not a few of those who read this article will have such laughter on their consciences.

The inability of people to see that education fifty years hence may have as much relation to the grudged, starved, skimped, unskilled, inadequate, ignorant schooling of to-day as an automobile has to a carrier's cart, or to deduce the most obvious political, social and economic consequences from that possible difference, is astonishing. They think that the schoolmaster and schoolmistress are always going to be shabby underlings, because so far they always have been, and that the world is always going to put up with the schools we suffer to-day. And, believing that, it is easy for them to believe that "human nature," as they call it, will never change, and life will always be the mean scramble and scrimmage it is now, that waste and disappointment must be the tune of life for ever, and that wars will never cease until the last man succumbs to his own excess of poison-gas and overpowering sense of victory.

But, indeed, the programme of life is better than that. Political, social and economic organisation wait on education, and can only go on, step by step, with an education planned in relation to their development and planned together with their development. But given such a comprehensive planning in the place of the haphazard and wasteful "progress" of the last century and a half, we need hypotheses no change in the essential human material, to anticipate a peace and welfare for all mankind beyond all previous experience. To play an understanding part in the realisation of that programme is the best thing life can offer us at the present time. And the richer promise of that programme is the essence of what everyone should learn at school.

Let me recapitulate in the form of a syllabus these educational commonplaces I have been rehearsing. Schooling which can only be properly rounded off if it goes on until sixteen, at least, should give in an English-speaking community:

(1) A full and satisfactory knowledge and command of English so as to be able to talk it and write it clearly and well.

(2) An elementary knowledge of Latin and some slight knowledge of Greek to assist the appreciation of English.

(3) A fair "foreigner's knowledge" of any two of these languages: German, Spanish, French, Italian, Russian, or, where local conditions render it practicable and preferable, Arabic, Japanese, Chinese, Turkish, Irish, Czech, Finnish, or, indeed, any other living language.

(4) A good general knowledge of the history of the Universe.

(5) A knowledge of the National history and political order in relation to the history of the world.

(6) A fair all-round knowledge of geography of the world as it is.

(7) A sound knowledge of the general principles and methods of physical and chemical science.

(8) A sound knowledge of the general ideas of biological science, of physiology with especial relation to health, and of psychology with especial relation to conduct, to the control and mitigation of moods and impulses and the difficulties of human co-operation.

(9) And in addition the young citizen should have learnt in workshop, gymnasium, playing field, debating society, theatre, and elsewhere, to use hand, brain, and body nimbly and effectively, and to co-operate freely and willingly with his fellows.

All this could be done for any child in the world, not congenitally defective. It isn't done, because so far we have preferred to spend our lives and energies and resources in international and business rivalries, wars, and similar costl luxuries. And were it done, this world wo have the same relation to the world of to that the finest palace we can imagine has dirtiest hovel we have ever seen.

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Jacob's Ladder

BY A YOUTH

YOU have all heard how a shepherd boy in Palestine, called Jacob, once went to sleep in the desert and had a beautiful dream, in which he saw a ladder stretching from earth to heaven, with Devas going up and down, ascending to the Gods and descending to men. This ladder typifies evolution; we are all standing upon this ladder, some on one rung and some on another; but we are all slowly climbing up. Jacob's ladder is the typical western way of symbolising evolution, and the Path to God. But this idea did not originate in Palestine, it is far, far older. It has come down to us from Ancient Egypt, and from the oldest inscriptions known in that land.

You have all heard of the Pyramids, but probably only of the three largest. There are many other pyramids besides the three Great Pyramids of Gizeh. Some of these pyramids, exceedingly old, having been constructed about 5,000 B.C., bear inscriptions upon their inside walls. These are known as the Pyramid Texts, [illegible] contents probably were first written in the Atlantean days, when there was a magnificent Empire in Egypt, before the flood of 9564 B. C.

There is a King buried in each of these inscribed pyramids, which are known as the Pyramids of Sakkara. The texts on the walls form a rubric giving directions as to how a man, in this particular case the King, can raise himself from out of our human kingdom into divinity—the Kingdom of the Masters. His glory when he is a God is extolled, and his doings in the divine kingdom are related. The difficulties he will meet with on the way are shown, and he is given directions as to how to overcome them.

Now the path which the Pharaoh ascends to divinity is called "The Ladder".

We will quote a passage from these Pyramid Texts, a passage about the Ladder; but first of all, we must explain the names which will be found in the passage. The Egyptians [illegible]ew the One God, existing in everything, [illegible]uling the Universe, and yet existing [illegible]de it, under the name "Osiris". When Osiris, the Spirit, descended into Matter, Isis, there was produced Horus, the God evolving through matter. Horus had to fight against the inertia of matter, Set, before he could rise to his father Osiris again. Thus Set is the personification of Evil. Moreover, since Osiris is in everybody and everything, all may call themselves by the name Osiris, and, in fact, this is what the Egyptians did. It was the usual custom, especially after death, to prefix the name Osiris to a man's ordinary name, in the same way as we might say the Osiris Smith, the Osiris Jones, the Osiris Ramaswami, meaning the God Jones, the God Smith, the God Ramaswami. Thus in the Pyramid Texts the Kings Pepi and Unas are called the Osiris Pepi, the Osiris Unas.

The other Gods are ministers of the Supreme, being either great Devas, great officials in the Hierarchy, or even the Solar Logos, the ruler of our Solar System. The Solar Logos is named Ra. The Masters are also called by the name of "Gods".

Here is the passage from the Texts:

"Homage to thee, O Ladder of the God, homage to thee, O Ladder of Set. Stand up, Ladder of the God, stand up, Ladder of Horus, on which Osiris made his appearance in Heaven (the kingdom of the Masters), to work magic on behalf of Ra. Thy brother Osiris comes to thee seeking thee. This Pepi is thy son, this Pepi is Horus. Thou hast given birth to this Pepi (he has passed the first Initiation), even as thou gavest birth to the God, the Lord of the Ladder (the Master who leads Pepi along it). Thou hast given unto him the Ladder of the God, thou hast given unto him the Ladder of Set, whereon this Pepi made his appearance in heaven to work magic on behalf of Ra. This Pepi is the Eye of Horus (part of the consciousness of God immersed in matter). When the Eye of Horus journeyeth from wheresoever it is, this Pepi maketh the journey with it.

"Be glad that this Pepi cometh among you, O Gods, his brethren. Rejoice ye when ye meet this Pepi, even as Horus rejoiceth when he meets his Eye. He hath set his Eye before his Father

Keb, and every spirit and every God reacheth out his hand to Pepi when he appeareth in heaven upon this Ladder. He hath touch, he hath taste, he seeth, he heareth, he appeareth in Heaven on the Ladder of the God. Pepi riseth like the snake which is upon the brow of Set, and every spirit and every God raiseth his hand to Pepi on the Ladder of the God. This Pepi hath ascended into Heaven through the two fingers of the God, the Lord of the Ladder.

"Open the doors of Heaven, throw open the doors of the sky, the Horus of the Gods, on his appearance at dawn, having purified himself in Sekhet-Aaru (the region where dwells the Causal Body)! Open the doors of Heaven, throw open the doors of the sky, to Horus of the Gods, on his appearance at dawn, having purified himself in Sekhet-Aaru! Open the doors of Heaven, throw open the doors of the sky, to Horus of the East, on his appearance at dawn, having purified himself in Sekhet-Aaru! Open the doors of Heaven, throw open the doors of the sky, to Horus of Shest, on his appearance at dawn, having purified himself in Sekhet-Aaru! Open the doors of Heaven, throw open the doors of the sky, to Osiris, on his appearance at dawn, having purified himself in Sekhet-Aaru! Open the doors of Heaven, throw open the doors of the sky, to this Pepi, on his appearance at dawn, having purified himself in Sekhet-Aaru! Therefore let him appear that appeareth at dawn, having purified himself in Sekhet-Aaru."

Thus did the very ancient Egyptians write about the Path. Is it not remarkable to find such a statement so early, and does it not show how stable the grand old truths are, how they have existed for thousands of years in the past, and how they will exist for thousands of years in the future?

Playing at "Fathers and Mothers"

Daily Herald (London)

On a bright morning I noticed that the starlings were carrying straws and tufts of wool in their beaks, and realised that they were playing their favorite game.

It might be imagined that the warm sun had tempted them to start building. In reality, it is only play, as the birds never start constructing a nest until early April. Living as they do in communities, it is easy to suppose that the order had been given for the whole flock to practise for the inevitable.

During these drills the whole flock splits up into groups of five or six, and, after collecting the material, settles down to a lecture from an older bird who is readily distinguished by his suit of glossy black, decorated with buff triangles.

The class consists of young birds in grey plumage. These form a rough circle round the lecturer, who, from time to time, pic[illegible] pieces from the untidy fragments before hi[illegible]

I watched one little group for some time, and have to confess that, as a class, they appeared to be most inattentive. The old bird picked up a scrap of wool, and strutted round as if daring any of the youngsters to take it away. None attempted to, but all seemed to be asking him questions at once.

Later he dropped it, and one cheeky pupil picking it up followed him round, which, it must be admitted, showed a lamentable lack of discipline.

After a while they flew off to join the wheeling flock overhead. I do not think the lessons are wasted, as later on I saw a pair of young ones with a piece of straw between them on the ground who were busy practising to get the correct balance for carrying it in their beaks.

F. W.

Remains of a giant pre-historic race, whose previous existence heretofore had been unsuspected, have been found in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado by Samuel Hubbard, Oakland scientist, according to statements by Hubbard and members of an exploring party recently returned from Colorado.

Among other startling discoveries, members [illegible] the Hubbard party said, they found two petrifie[illegible] bodies of giants, more than *eleven feet tall* resem[illegible] bling stone statues. Hubbard claims them to [illegible] fossils of the Mesozoic age and that the st[illegible] figures once lived our very human life in the p[illegible] shadows of the Grand Canyon.—*Berkeley* [illegible]

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

A Man of the Hour

President Coolidge as an Economist and Statesman

WHAT has been characterised as Calvin Coolidge's greatest speech was delivered by him on Jan. 7, 1914, on his election as President of the Senate of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. With some trifling and immaterial excisions that speech was as follows:

This Commonwealth is one. We are all members of one body. The welfare of the weakest and the welfare of the most powerful are inseparably bound together. Industry cannot flourish if labor languish. Transportation cannot prosper if manufactures decline.

The general welfare cannot be provided for in any one act, but it is well to remember that the benefit of one is the benefit of all, and the neglect of one is the neglect of all.

Men do not make laws. They do but discover them. Laws must be justified by something more than the will of the majority. They must rest on the eternal foundation of Righteousness. That State is most fortunate in its form of Government which has the aptest instruments for the discovery of laws.

The latest, most modern and nearest perfect system that statesmanship has devised is Representative Government. Its weakness is the weakness of us imperfect human beings who administer it. Its strength is that even such administration secures to the people more blessings than any other system ever produced. No Nation has discarded it and retained liberty. Representative Government must be preserved.

Courts are established, not to determine the popularity of a cause, but to adjudicate and enforce rights. No litigant should be required to submit his case to the hazard and expense of a political campaign. No Judge should be required to seek or receive political rewards. The electorate and judiciary cannot combine. A hearing means a hearing. When the trial of causes goes outside the court-room, Anglo-Saxon constitutional Government ends.

The people cannot look to legislation generally for success. Industry, thrift, character, are not conferred by act or resolve. Government cannot relieve from toil. It can provide no substitute for the rewards of service. It can, of course, care for the defective and recognise distinguished merit. The normal must care for themselves. Self-Government means self-support.

Man is born into the universe with a personality that is his own. He has a right that is founded upon the constitution of the universe to have property that is his own. Ultimately, property rights and personal rights are the same thing. The one cannot be preserved if the other be violated. Each man is entitled to his rights and the rewards of his service, be they never so large or never so small.

History reveals no civilised people among whom there were not a highly educated class, and large aggregations of wealth, represented usually by the clergy and the nobility. Inspiration has always come from above. Division of learning has come down from the university to the common school—the kindergarten is last. No one would now expect to aid the common school by abolishing higher education.

It may be that the diffusion of wealth works in an analogous way. As the little red school-house is builded in the college, it may be that the fostering and protection of large aggregations of wealth are the only foundation on which to build the prosperity of the whole people. Large profits must be the result of service performed. In no land are there so many and such large aggregations of wealth as here; in no land do they perform larger service; in no land will the work of a day bring so large a reward in material and spiritual welfare.

Do the day's work. If it be to protect the rights of the weak, whoever objects, do it. If it be to help a powerful corporation better to serve the people, whatever the opposition, do that. Expect to be called a stand-patter, but don't be a stand-patter. Expect to be called a demagogue, but don't be a demagogue. Don't hesitate to be as revolutionary as science. Don't hesitate to be as reactionary as the multiplication table. Don't expect to build up the weak by pulling down the strong. Don't hurry to legislate. Give administration a chance to catch up with legislation.

We need a broader, firmer, deeper faith in the people—a faith that men desire to do right, that the Commonwealth is founded upon a righteousness which will endure, a reconstructed faith that the final approval of the people is given not to demagogues, slavishly pandering to their selfishness, merchandising with the clamor of the hour, but to statesmen ministering to their welfare, representing their deep, silent, abiding convictions.

Statutes must appeal to more than material welfare. Wages won't satisfy, be they never so large. Nor houses; nor lands; nor coupons, though they fall thick as the leaves of autumn. Man has a spiritual nature. Touch it, and it must respond as the magnet responds to the pole. To that, not to selfishness, let the laws of the Commonwealth appeal.

The ideas that were expressed in the above speech reflect an economic perception that is gratifying. It has been a long time since there has been a President of the United States who has been a student of economics. Even the great Roosevelt admitted frankly that s

questions were to him incomprehensible.

The speech reveals the Man as no description could do—a man who realises the Laws of Nature that underlie all human Government, that either sustain or break it into pieces. That recognition changes the politician into the statesman. The last paragraph is one of the finest, in the principle it enunciates, that ever a statesman has uttered. The heart of man is divine, not devilish. Human nature responds to sacrifice, not to grabbing.

The Outlook gives the following sketch of "The New President":

Calvin Coolidge has come to the Presidency with a double heritage. From his ancestors and from his environment he inherits the ideals and habits of a people whose qualities have gone into the foundations of the Republic. From the people at large he has received a great bequest of faith.

Few, if any, public men of National reputation in our history have been so little known as Calvin Coolidge is and yet so much trusted. He was made Vice-President because of one public act—his maintenance of law and order in the face of a police strike. On his record in that case the people believe in him as a man of action and courage. But of his policies, his probable course in any contingency calling for judgment, they have no real basis of knowledge. With that trust they made him Vice-President, and with that trust they accept him as President with equanimity.

And yet the people as a whole, and the politicians as well, have no means of knowing how to classify him. They know he is a Republican, that he has served acceptably in public office, in the City Council of Northampton, Massachusetts, then as City Attorney, then in the Senate of the Commonwealth, and then as Lieutenant-Governor and Governor. But is he a Conservative or a Liberal? Is he capable of revolutionary acts, or is he constitutionally a reactionary?

Or is he neither, but just a commonplace, conscientious politician? There are not many citizens of the United States that can give good reasons for an answer to any of these questions. Perhaps those who are seeking an answer to those questions might find some answer in this quotation from his speech on being elected President of the Massachusetts State Senate. It might be called his political creed:

Do the day's work. If it be to protect the rights of the ... whoever objects, do it. If it be to help a powerful corporation better to serve the people, whatever the opposition, do that. Expect to be called a stand-patter, but don't be a stand-patter. Expect to be called a demagogue, but don't be a demagogue. Don't hesitate to be as revolutionary as science. Don't hesitate to be as reactionary as the multiplication table. Don't expect to build up the weak by pulling down the strong. Don't hurry to legislate. Give administration a chance to catch up with legislation.

Evidently the American Republic has as its President now a man who is not attached to labels, but is not afraid of labels being attached to him; a man who will not swerve from a deed merely because of a name.

Because his National reputation was built on the suppression of a strike, it has been assumed in some quarters that he was opposed to organised labor. Such a supposition is gratuitous. The strike which he suppressed was not the strike of workmen in a conflict with employers; it was a strike of public servants against the public welfare. What he has stated is that the public safety is paramount, and he has expressed it emphatically in these words: "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time."

So far from being unsympathetic to the demands of wage-earners for better conditions, he has advocated legislative measures which some people regard as too progressive. He has defended social insurance legislation in these words:

We have long been familiar with insurance to cover losses......Social insurance will not be, under a Republican interpretation, any new form of outdoor relief, some new scheme of living on the town. It will be an extension of the old familiar principle to the needs at hand, and so popularised as to meet the requirements of our time.

Coming to the Presidency at a time when there seems a widespread desire to work little or poorly for as great a compensation as possible, he brings a message sorely needed. "Savages do not work," he says. "The growth of a sentiment that despises work is an appeal from civilisation to barbarism." And he adds: "If material rewards be the only measure of success, there is no hope of a peaceful solution of our social questions, for they will never be large enough to satisfy. But such is not the case. Men struggle for material success because that is the path, the process, to the development of character. We ought to demand economic justice, but most of all because it is justice."

But the edge of his philosophy cuts both ways, for he has said, in an address to industrial leaders: "You men who represent our industries can see that there is the same right to disperse unlawful assembling of wealth or power that there is to disperse a mob that has met to lynch or riot."

From the new President those who believe that sentiment is a good substitute for action and that good intentions can take the place of right conduct have nothing to hope for. Some lovers of peace may be shocked to know that he has said: "The only hope for peace lies in the perfection of the arts of war." But all who trust solely to force will be disappointed on reading this passage: "But America must furnish more than armies and navies for the future. If armies and navies were to be supreme, Germany would be right...It must be our disinterested plans that are to restore Europe to a peace through justice, when we have secured victory through the sword. And into a new world we are to take, not only the people of oppressed Europe, but the people of America."

Of the World Court, it is recalled that almost three years ago Mr. Coolidge, in a campaign speech, said:

I believe humanity would welcome the creation of an international association for Conference and a World Court whose verdicts upon justiciable questions this country, in common with all Nations, would be willing and able to uphold. The decision of this Court or the recommendations of such a Conference could be accepted without sacrificing on our part or asking any other Power to sacrifice one iota of its Nationality.

President Coolidge has announced that it will be his purpose to carry out the policies which President Harding has begun. He could not be expected to do otherwise. He was chosen with President Harding on the same platform. Nevertheless we hope that in loyalty to that purpose he will be himself. Cynical politicians in Washington and elsewhere, as correspondence from Washington in this issue indicates, are giving to Calvin Coolidge little credit for intellectual, moral, or political independence, initiative, and force. We hope those politicians will have occasion to regret their present state of mind. We believe that he will follow the counsel he gave to the legislative body he addressed as Governor when he said to them: "It is your duty not only to reflect public opinion, but to lead it."

When the people of Northampton, Massachusetts, where Calvin Coolidge lives, met on Sunday following the death of President Harding, they held at the close of the morning service a short service of prayer for the new President, their fellow-townsman and neighbor, and asked the guidance of the Almighty for the new Chief Magistrate and his Administration. In this act we believe these people were speaking for the Nation.

Good Citizens of the Future

A high consciousness of duty was exhibited by a young French girl of a peasant, uncultured, family.

As of old she was given the task of a shepherdess, to take the sheep to the fields and bring them back at night.

She had a bad dog. One day the animal attacked her, and bit her terribly in the face,

With her face running with blood she gathered up her sheep, and came home saying: "It was happy, after all, that I was bitten when it was time to return."

The Doctor who took care of her asked her afterwards: "Then if it had not been time to come back, would you have stayed afield?

The child answered simply: "Who, then, would have tended my sheep?

This is a true story a few weeks old.

(Translated from *Les Annales*, Paris)

A poor Chinese boy of Hongkong, whose poverty was evident by his torn and dirty clothes, during the New Year holidays picked up from the street banknotes of the value of $80,000 Mexican, which he immediately took to the Central Police Station.

The lad was walking in the business centre of the city, when he saw a bundle of notes on the ground. Without the least hesitation, he went along to the police station and handed the notes over to the Inspector on duty. The honesty of the lad has been the subject of much comment in foreign and Chinese circles. It is explained by the police that if the money is not claimed within six months, it will be given to the finder. Some months ago the carrier of a sedan chair, one of the poorest paid callings among the Chinese, found a 100 yen note which was not claimed. It was handed back to him, and he was able to leave his old calling and set up in business on his own. —*Japan Advertiser*

HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA SAHAB HOLKAR

and at the suffering and sorrow of the feminine side of things.

Pondering on this world-sorrow, the Just could not bear it any longer and vowed that His Aotea-Roa should not suffer so, for he knew that time was on His side.

Atremor with pity and wishing he could draw this sorrow into Himself, His eye fell on some of His bird-children, playing on the waters of Lake Wakatip. Paradise Duck they are called, because of their beauty, but at that time they were quite unattractive females.

So great was the anguish of Hè-tiki's love and pity, so pure His compassion, that as His glance fell upon them, their heads and necks became as white as mother-o'-pearl, and their plumage glistered with exquisite colors, and their very bodies expanded in the warmth of His love.

As he turned His eyes away from the male bird the bird shrank and shrank within himself, and the glow of beauty ceased to light up his plumage and he became ashamed, and so remains to this very day, so that he hides, always hides, for he does not yet understand.

But he will one day be the proudest of earth's bird-children, for did not he alone take upon himself the drab, ugly, despised form that others might become glorious?

HE-TIKI—HIS MARK

For since then all who enter Aotea-Roa feel ever more and more the spell of Hè-tiki the Lover of Lovers.

To this land of birds Hè-tiki first drew to Him those whom He calls Maoris—from the Malay Peninsula they will tell you they have come. Not long had they been in Aotea-Roa when power lay in the hands of woman, and none might say or think of her any evil.

O Sorrowful!

Next He drew to Him by His magic, children from Britain, called the Great, and he has touched their hearts to flame also, for all honor to (whom do you think?)—be it spoken, they are the very first of mankind who gave unasked, to be shared equally, by m... and women the privileges ... man before had held

Don't you adore ...

We do.

This is His Spell
Hè-tiki O! Hé-tiki.
White Cloud of the Selfless,
Hè-tiki O! Hè-tiki.
And Aotea-Roa the Belovèd,
Hè-tiki O! Hè-tiki.
Hè-tiki, *His* Mark.

The Art of Friendship

We are not quite sure that we ought to agree with the philosopher who thinks true friendship consists ... ing a friend when he is wrong. It is more encouraging and more useful to tell him when he is right.

Everybody is ready to tell him of his faults, but he may grow weary in well-doing for want of a little praise. The real ... friendship is in telli... ...hen he is rig... d perhaps in help... ...ong *without tellina*

...en Body.

The Flower Fairy

ONCE upon a time there was a good little fairy who never did any one any harm. She spent most of her time in a flower garden, and delighted most when the flowers grew well under her care; for, you see, she gave them great care, and if it had not been for her the flowers would not have grown beautiful at all.

Every morning when the sun rose, she flew from flower to flower and touched it with her dainty finger tips; or, if it was a flower that she loved especially well, like the red rose, she would kiss it fondly and inhale its sweet perfume. The columbine she called her own, for she could look just like them at will and often sat upon a stalk and pretended that she was a flower too. At noon, when the sun was too hot, she told the flowers to droop their heads, but at sunset she flew happily from plant to plant, touching here and there with a gay paint-brush, laughing to see the rose grow redder and the lilac more blue.

Now, when the summer days were ended and the petals began to fall, this Fairy felt very sad indeed, because her friends would soon be gone, she knew, and she would be very lonesome, besides not having anything to do.

The flowers felt sad too, oh! far more sad, because, th... aid, and with reason, that they were dying ...ld come back no more.

...hen you should have seen that Flower ...tter out her wings and flit about in great ...nt.

...are not going to die," she laughed. "O ..., foolish flowers. Don't you know there is ... thing as death?"

...ch thing as death," cried the flowers in ...prise; "what do you think is happening to us then? Look at myself, for instance. Half of my petals are already lying on the ground, and here am I shamefully undressed. Soon there will be nothing left of me but my golden heart, and most of the perfume is gone from it now. Then the cold wind and the snow will come and I will freeze to death. No death! You are only a fairy. What do you know?"

"How do you know all these things that are going to happen to you," asked the Fairy, "if you never lived before and will never live again? When did you hear of snow?"

In his excitement, the flower dropped another petal. He thought a long time, but finally had to admit that he did not know.

"I will tell you," said the Fairy. "You are looking at your worn out old body that has served its purpose, but the soul of you will live, and when your time has come, you will send forth green leaves and a new flower where this one has been. Why, of course, you will live again, for I would have nothing more to do otherwise. Next time you will be more beautiful than ever, and I will be here to see you. Don't forget."

"I won't," promised the flower much relieved. "I must go now. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," called out that Fairy, and she sailed to the ground on the dropping petals of the wilted flower. Then she picked herself up and flew to her columbine, for she still had a great deal of work to do.

Crushed flowers are crushed and broken fairies. Oh! never let a flower wilt and die if you can help it. Some fairy's heart is broken, when you do.

God and Man

God! There is no God but He, the Everlasting, the Ever-Subsisting.... His Throne is extended over the heavens and the earth, and the care of them burdeneth Him not. And He is the High, the Mighty... With Him are the keys of the secret things, none knoweth them besides ...self. He knoweth that which is on the dry l... ...nd in the sea; there falleth no leaf but He knoweth it... Nothing is hidden from God, either on earth or in heaven... God saith: Whoso seeketh to approach Me one span, I seek to ...proach him one cubit; and ...hoso seeketh to app...ach Me one cubit, I seek to ...proach him two fa...oms; and whoso walk... ...ards Me, I run tow...ds him.—*Al Qu...*

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A Tree-Doctor who loved his Patients

(The Literary Digest)

THE ghastly wounds of his friends, the trees, and their various sufferings (if you will allow the expression), cry aloud and pierce his inmost soul and bid him arise and plead their cause.

So wrote John Davey in the introduction of a little book on tree-culture, published twenty years ago, that started something like a revolution in America's attitude towards trees and their treatment. Mr. Davey died the other day, and among the many editorial obituaries appeared a regret, often repeated, that the trees of America had lost "the best friend they ever had". John Davey had "a peculiarly intimate and affectionate feeling for trees," which he considered as "misunderstood, cruelly mistreated, living beings," says a man who knew him well and the new science of tree-doctoring, including tree-surgery, which he founded, was a direct result of his personal regard for the tall, leafy citizens of our lawns and forests. He called attention to the fact, writes E. A. Quarles, in *Arts and Decoration* (New York), that trees are animal-like, even to the extent that occasional cleanings, with an ordinary curry-comb and brush, do them good, in precisely the same way as similar cleaning benefits a horse. He compared decay in trees, the result of fungus growths, to cancer in animals and human beings, and he evolved a technique of "tree-surgery," combined with the use of antiseptics and filling substances. These fillers were arranged to lock in the cavity and, ultimately, be covered over by the "granulation process" common both to tree-trunks and human bodies. He even "articulated" this filling, somewhat like a human backbone, in cases where it extended up through the trunk of the tree, so that it could bend without breaking. Mr. Quarles writes, briefly summarising this surgical addition to our arboreal *Materia Medica.*

When trees become devitalised from lack of nutrition they are particularly susceptible to the attacks of insects and the microscopic spores of various fungi which cause decay and, finally death, if the decay is not arrested. Decay in trees is practically always progressive. In that respect, it closely resembles cancer in the human body. Cellular tissue is progressively broken down till the part attacked becomes a mere shell. Whenever an abrasion of the bark occurs there is danger of infection unless the proper precautions are taken.

The skilled tree-surgeon begins his operation, as does the dentist, by excavating the cavity and removing all decay. When circumstances demand it, the cavity is braced with rods. When all the decay has been thoroughly removed, the cavity is both disinfected and waterproofed.

The next step, if the operation is carried out with due respect to the technical requirements, is to fill the cavity with cement, placed in sections, with waterproofing paper between, thus permitting the filling to function as does the human backbone. Monolithic fillings almost invariably crack under the strain of sway, and a cracked filling in a tree is no more efficacious than one in a tooth. Various substitutes for cement have been tried from time to time, but without success, so far as the rather wide investigations of this writer are concerned. Those observed vary all the way from the worthless to such as are injurious to tree tissue.

A tree cavity properly filled, will exclude moisture and hence arrest decay. The structure of the tree will be as substantial as before the decay occurred, or even more so. As time goes on, the cambium layer, the cells immediately below the bark which constitute the active-growing area of the tree, will spread over the face of the cement filling, and this will in time be completely covered unless the width of the face is too gre[illegible]. On[illegible] the earlier objections to cavity fillings was the somewhat unpleasant contrast between the color of the cement and that of the bark of the tree. This has been largely overcome by facing the cement with coloring matter which harmonises with the color of the bark.

"What did John Davey really accomplish?" asks a writer in *The Gardener's Chronicle* (*New* York). In brief, runs the reply, his great work was "to bridge the gap between the mechanic, with no scientific knowledge, and the scientific man, with no mechanical knowledge". Attempts to "doctor" trees had been made in Europe, the writer recalls, to a small extent, two centuries before John Davey's time. These early tree-doctors might be accused of malpractice, says the writer, for they knew nothing of antiseptics, and their doctoring, as was the case with a good deal of the doctoring among human beings at the time, as frequently injured as helped the patient. They sometimes removed more or less decay from cavities of trees, and put in a filling composed of clay, lime rubbish and manure—a filling that could be of no benefit whatever. "At th[illegible] beginning of the twentieth century," continues t[illegible] writer:

"Our forests were being rapidly depleted. Many who had applied the axe so effectively in clearing the land were now wielding it with destructive effect on orchard-and shade trees. While there were occasional individuals who appreciated a fine tree, the majority regarded it as a lifeless 'stick,' which was to be dealt with according to individual whims and with no regard to the life of the tree.

"An occasional individual remonstrated when telephone line-men came and slaughtered his trees, but there was no general outcry against this deplorable practice. Thousands of irreplaceable shade-trees were daily slaughtered by the work gangs of public utilities.

"There were, here and there, apple-orchards which received fairly good attention. Occasionally a man amputated a limb correctly, and painted the resulting wound, but, generally speaking, our apple-orchards were trimmed with axes, and were the victims of continual malpractice of this kind. The result was appalling; apple-trees, instead of living long, useful lives, and bearing fruit for many generations, as they should, seldom passed the half-century mark."

JOHN DAVEY

As for the city trees, in addition to the destructive work of the telephone line-men, there was usually in our villages an individual who could be called in, to hack a dangerous branch off a tree. This kind practised the beheading of trees under the impression that it was beneficial. We now know that it is pure quackery.

There were those who had fake concoctions of many varieties, which were supposed to rejuvenate trees. These usually met with a ready sale.

For two or three decades prior to this time, John Davey had observed the trend of things, and set about to develop a method for the preservation of valuable fruit-and-shade-trees. While conditions at the beginning of the twentieth century were appalling, there was, notwithstanding, general public apathy.

Into this wilderness came John Davey. In 1900, he was known, within a limited radius, for his expertness with trees and plants generally. For years he had studied the ills of trees with passionate zeal. By many he was regarded as a crank. He was not satisfied to localise his efforts. Trees everywhere were in a deplorable condition. If he could only get his message to a sufficient number of people, he felt he could do much good. With this in view, he wrote a book which he called *The Tree Doctor*, a title which was flung back at him in the most derisive terms.

Nevertheless, through the medium of this book, John Davey supplied the spark which kindled the modern movement for tree-preservation. *The Tree Doctor* was one of the first books of its kind which was profusely illustrated. Its author so illuminated its text that understanding was immediate. These illustrations, so graphic and effective, were taken from photographs by the author with a ten-dollar camera.

Whereas there was a great wave of favorable response, there was also one of adverse criticism. While some of John Davey's contentions at that period were somewhat inaccurate, the great, outstanding views set forth in his book were sound. While many scientific men saw good in what Mr. Davey sought to accomplish, others assumed a hostile attitude, and condemned the man and his book in no uncertain terms.

What did John Davey accomplish? On the one hand, as we have seen, there was the unskilled village worker, who attacked trees crudely with axes and other unsuitable implements, and who had neither mechanical skill nor scientific knowledge. On the other, there was the man of science, who, though not infallible, had many sound ideas regarding the care of trees. His information was available to comparatively few people, however, nor had he mechanical skill. What John Davey really did

was to bridge the gap between the mechanic with no scientific knowledge, and the scientific man with no mechanical knowledge. He was a mechanical genius, and at that period of his life had enough knowledge of the sciences to enable him to evolve a correct practice in carving cavities and placing fillings therein.

As early as 1900, and probably long before, John Davey had developed a comprehensive plan for carving a cavity. He reasoned that it should be cut upward at the top, so that when a filling was inserted the rain would drain down over the filling; that it should be cut upward at the bottom and the filling lapped over the resulting ledge, so that the rain would drain without seeping in below the filling. He cut the cavities backward from either side, in order to key the filling in the tree. Later he developed a very clever and elaborate system of carving which absolutely excludes foreign elements from a cavity after a filling has been put in place. This was the beginning of tree-surgery, a profession which has grown to considerable proportions. Many other beneficial practices, espectially connected with the nourishment of trees, had also been perfected by him at this time.

John Davey was probably the discoverer of the practice of placing fillings behind the growing tissue, so that the tree in its growth would not force them out. He discovered that the lifting power of a growing tree was so tremendous that, if the fillings were not placed behind the cambium layer, the tree would crush or force them out.

Mr. Davey's personal history seems, to a number of editorial commentators, almost as remarkable as his achievements. He did not even know how to read or write until he was twenty-one years old. Born on an English farm, one of a numerous family, he started to work when he was a child of ten. At twenty-one, relates the Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser*:

"When he was doing a man's work, he saw a companion write his name on a chip of wood. Shamed by his own ignorance, he said: 'If he can do that, so can I.' He got a pocket dictionary and a Testament, and by assiduous application, usually a tnight, after a hard day's work, he built the foundation of an education. Happily for him, he was a genuine lover of nature, and he remembered an invaluable lesson given him by his father in planting a potato. 'Do it right—or don't do it at all,' the father told the child. Davey made this a guiding rule of life. He declined several lucrative jobs, such as work in a bank, so that he could feed his love for nature. Near Kent, Ohio, in 1881, he got a job on a farm. When this work was completed he moved to Kent, where he went to work as the superintendent of a neglected cemetery that was practically an overgrown wilderness. But he laid it out beautifully, and there are growing to-day in his beauty-spot many of the trees which he planted. After three years' work in the cemetery, he bought a near-by farm. Here he raised flowers and vegetables, and sold them over the surrounding country. All the time he was studying and working on his favorite trees. In 1890, when he was fifty-four years of age, he published his first book, *The Tree-Doctor*. No commercial publisher would issue the work, and he went $ 7,000 further into debt to get the book on a market that was ready for it. It was sold largely by the personal solicitation of himself and his sons."

He can best be described as a "tree evangelist," concludes one appreciator, for he had an enthusiasm that, in his later years, sent him over the country, with his stereopticon and lantern-slides, preaching to thousands of audiences on the salvation of our trees, and of the birds which inhabit them. Birds and trees, he declared, in written prose and verse, as well as orally, must be protected. Without the birds, he predicted, our trees and crops would fall prey to hordes of insects. Without the trees, our climate and soil would become like those in desolate, de-forested sections of China. Together with Gifford Pinchot, John Davey is more responsible than any one else, says a writer in *The Field* (New York), for the conservation of our American forest and shade-trees. "If the poet's benediction on one who plants a tree be extended to the man who saves a tree," wrote the editor of the San Antonio *Express*, when the news of Mr. Davey's death was telegraphed over the country, "then John Davey deserves to be held in hallowed memory."

Go Then, And Face

There is no sorrow sent
But it is meant
To teach some lesson
Whose purpose and whose reason
Discloses in sure season!

Go then, and face
Your grief with just
The tiniest trace
Of courage and of trust!

Jack Eliot

He-tiki—His Mark

NIGHTFALL, LAKE MANAPOURI, AOTEA (NEW ZEALAND)

If you come with me on tiptoe, v-e-r-y much on tiptoe, and keeping as quiet as a mouse, past the cabbage trees and through the gorse, all ablow with golden glory, down to the lake, yellow with reflected splendor, I will show you a[illegible] splendor, a splendid bird. Its color is soft iridesc[illegible] greeny brown, with neck and head snow white.

It is alone.

Its mate, a small, dull, insignificant bird, but half the size of the Snowy-crested-one, followed by 12 brown [illegible] by ball things, diving and darting as fast as light over the water, seemingly disintegrated at your very first footfall.

They are gone.

She has gone into purda, as every modest she-thing should, you are thinking, perhaps?

Well, you are quite, quitewrong, for this is a reversal of the usual order of things. To tell the truth, the beauteous one is the female and the insignificant one......the male!

Listen! and the Aotea-Roa fairies will tell you how it came to pass. You must keep very, very still though, for they are so tiny and have such soft voices, you will think you have only imagined you hear them. Neither must you doubt, even a wee [illegible] as naught but the love of Hè-tiki has ever [illegible]ched them, and as they will tell you, there *is* no [illegible] in good company.

Hè-tiki, Greatest yet of all Lovers, who is the God-Spirit in whose keeping is Aotea-Roa, which means the Long White Cloud, and which we call New Zealand, held close to His heart, Aotea-Roa the Belovèd.

Time passed into æons untold, whilst with patience divine Hè-tiki brooded and dreamed and planned. *Such* glorious things He planned for His Land. If you love, you, do......just so.

You must know that into the keeping of the God-Spirit of each new country is given a new gift-quality to be used in the building up of the new race. Old countries become set and rigid, just as old people do, and in time, the young must be led by the Spirit into the wilderness. . . . . and so, when we need new countries, there they are, loved and ready.

For millennia He planned and prepared for His humanity to come. To keep hatred out and away from His land, He created no tooth nor claw, but only wings that bear ever upward. So there were birds, birds, birds, everywhere, wonderful birds that knew no fear, until man came. For the Devas into whose care Hè-tiki gave His birds, loved them and held full sway.

Now Hè-tiki, to keep in touch with the world, travelled in His Body of Light to olden lands, to Egypt, India and Europe, for the old have been, that the new may be.

His heart became oh! so sore at the pride and selfishness of the male side of creation everywhere,

The Homes of Greatness

INDORE

(Concluded from the last issue)

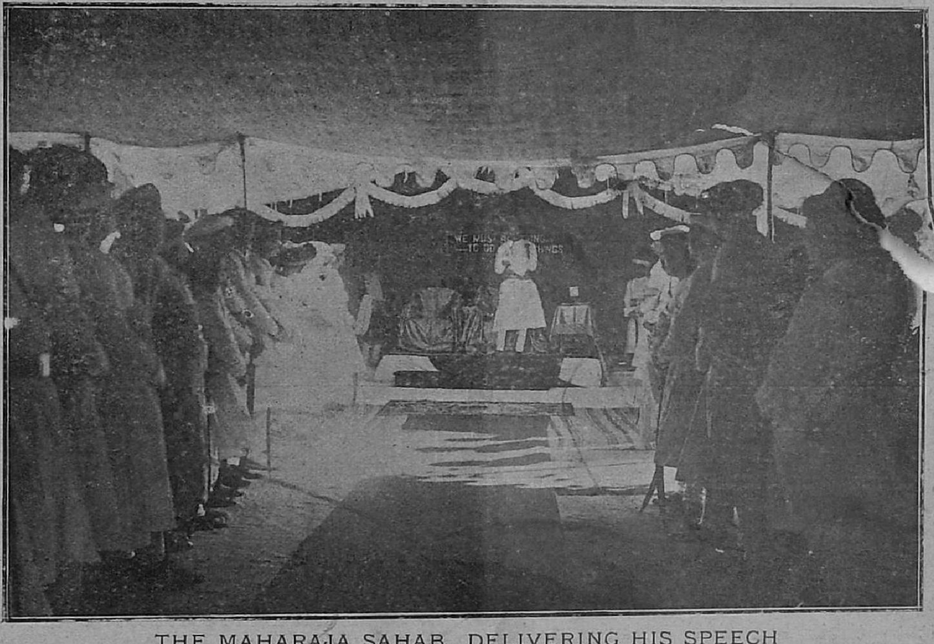
His Highness' Reply to Mr. Arundale's Speech

MR. ARUNDALE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Some time ago Mr. Arundale submitted to me proposals for the establishment in my State of a Home of Greatness, to which all might freely come, who are eager to pay their homage to the Great Men and Great Women of the World—those who in some signal way have helped to make life more worth living, irrespective of all distinctions of race, or caste, or creed.

Who could resist an appeal for so laudable a cause? Indeed are we none too grateful to the truly Great, whether living or dead, albeit we owe to them in no small measure such hope and courage as we may have to fight life's battles bravely.

I was, therefore, glad to accede to Mr. Arundale's request and to sanction the small beginning of a memorial to the Great Men and Women who in the past have labored in the service of their fellowmen. It would, perhaps, be difficult to include living Great Men and Women, for the simple though unfortunate reason that a great individual is generally a subject of more or less acrimonious controversy to his or her own generation; and no controversy is desirable near a place, which should be a source of peace and inspiration to all who come within its influence.



THE MAHARAJA SAHAB DELIVERING HIS SPEECH

This memorial is, therefore, confined to those who, from the world's standpoint, are no longer living, but to whom the passage of years has brought a recognition and an acceptance which were denied to so many during their lifetime. There are, of course, included not only the Great of India, but the Great of all Nations and countries; for the Great of whatever faith, or race, or Natio[illegible] are the property, the hope, of us all, of humanity as a whole. They have labored in the cause of the brotherhood of mankind, that we may learn to recognise ourselves as children of the one Father, be the external differences, whether of race, or faith, what they may. And by their very life they remind us,

We can make our lives sublime

by following their example, and by striving to dedicate ourselves in ever-increasing sincerity to the Love of God and to the Service of mankind. I am glad that the great religions of the world have joined to bless this place and those to whose living memory it is consecrated, as well as to [illegible] pray- [illegible] that it [illegible] inspire us all to live lives of bro[illegible]herhood and sacrifice.

May this small memorial stimulate in us all that spirit of reverence which is, perhaps, the choicest heritage of our glorious past, but whose votaries are few and far between. Many years ago, Tennyson, with the true vision of the poet, exclaimed:

> Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> *But more of reverence in us dwell,*
> That we may make one music as before
> But vaster.

"More of reverence" is the crying need of to-day, for we are building a new world on the ruins of the old, and if we would build to the glory of God we must build in a spirit of humble reverence, not o[illegible] to God, but to all whom we recognise as Gr[illegible] Ruskin rightly said: "To yield reverence

another....is not slavery; often it is the noblest state in which a man can live in this world."

I now, with great pleasure, declare open this NARARATNA MANDIR which, I hope, may, as Mr. Arundale has said, spread abroad the spirit of Greatness not only in my State, but wherever its influence penetrates.

The Home of Greatness

At present, there are about sixty pictures of Great Men and Women from all parts of the world, including portraits, where available, of the great Teachers of the world, Islam being represented by a verse from *Al Quran*, the lesser teachers, statesmen, warriors, heroes, saints, geniuses, martyrs, politicians—all, in fact, whose lives have been moved by a spirit of Service to the world, who have been Great in Service. Mere self-se[illegible] Greatne[illegible] excluded, for it is not true Greatness [illegible] all. Presiding over the Picture Gallery Room in the Home of Greatness is the portrait of Devi Shri Ahilyabai, the great ornament not only of the Holkar House, but equally of the whole of India, a fine picture generously presented by the State Photographers, Messrs. Ramachandrarao and Pratáprao, who are not merely photographers but artists too, as a visit to their beautiful picture gallery would show. The Library has at present about one hundred volumes, biography and autobiography. But within a short time the Picture Gallery will be augmented by two hundred more pictures and the Library by many additional volumes.

MAHARAJA HOLKAR LEAVING

The inaugural address in the Library was given by Mr. Arundale on December 1st to a large audience on "Greatness," and periodical addresses are being arranged on the pictures which are hanging on the walls. The first of these was delivered by [illegible] V. V. Thakkur, Private Secretary to His Highness, on the Mahārāshtra Saint, Jnānèshvara, on the anniversary of his death, December 6th.

Conditions of Admission and Temporary Rules

1. Until further notice, the Nararatna Mandir shall be open to the public from 4 P. M. each day to dusk, except Wednesdays, but including Sundays.

2. Persons entering the Picture Gallery of Greatness will remove their shoes, and while in the Gallery will observe Silence.

3. At present, books will not be lent from the Library to be taken away, but the Librarian may, at his discretion, lend books for study in the Library itself.

4. Application may be made to the Director of School Education to deliver public lectures on the lives of Great Men and Women in the Library of the Nararatna Mandir. Before granting such permission, the Director shall be satisfied that the lecture will be non-political, non-sectarian and non-controversial, having as its subject the life of some great person no longer living, whose portrait has been approved for inclusion in the Picture Gallery.

5. The Librarian shall have power to remove from the building any person whose presence therein he may consider undesirable.

6. On previous application, the Librarian will make special arrangements for the visits of ladies, outside the hours during which the building is generally open as per Rule 1.

7. Any person damaging any part of the building or furniture or books or pictures shall be liable to make good the damage.

8. No picture shall be hung in the Picture Gallery and no book shall be placed in the Library without the approval of the Director of School Education, who shall, where necessary, obtain the previous sanction of the Member of Council in charge of the Education Portfolio. Subject to this, gifts of books dealing with the lives of great people no longer living, and of pictures of a suitable size, also of great persons no longer living, will be welcome.

(Sd.) D. B. RANADE,

Director, School Education, Holkar State, Indore

Viscount Grey on The Taming of Squirrels

THE interesting correspondence which passed between Mr. K. R. R. Sastry, M. A., and Viscount Grey of Falloden is sent for publication, in order to draw the attention of a wider public to the hobby of the taming of squirrels, which "used to move over the Foreign Office Documents," while the Viscount was at the head of that Office.

—

Villupuram.

To

VISCOUNT GREY, O. M.,

Falloden

DEAR VISCOUNT,

The only reason for disturbing you in your well-merited......retirement is to elicit from you a few details regarding one of your pet hobbies, the taming of squirrels...

The squirrel is to us, Brahmanas of India, a sacred animal since it too carried its unfailing quota to the aid of Shri Rama, of the epic *Ramayana*, during His crossing of the Ocean. Like other pet animals, it surely responds to the food that I place for it in my school-window, but once I try to approach the animal very silently with a pleasing countenance, it jumps farther away from me. No doubt it comes very near my feet when I am absorbed in any other serious work; but my attempts for the past eleven months to caress the squirrel have been, to my infinite disappointment, unsuccessful.

Maharshi Tagore, the father of our poet Rabindranath Tagore, was well-known for his pet animal, the squirrel. He is now on the other side of existence...............

As you may be aware, any method of taming the squirrel through enforced isolation from its breed is to me sinful. I am eager to learn from you, how you succeeded in taming the squirrel.

..............In our Indian ideal of spiritualising politics, we have already lost a great soul in "Honest John". May the Great One endow you with long life so that you may give of your best to Humanity.

I beg to remain,
Revered Viscount,
Yours truly,
K. R. R. SASTRY

Viscount Grey's Reply

4, Buckingham St.,
London, S. W. 1.
29—11—'23.

Dear Mr. Sastry,

I was very interested in your letter about squirrels, and feel much sympathy with your desire and effort to tame them. I enclose a memorandum giving my experience, in case it may be helpful to you.

It is very delightful to get wild things which are under no restraint and which are leading a perfectly natural life to become tame, and to abandon that fear of men which is such a barrier between ourselves and so many beautiful things in the world.

Yours very truly,
(Sd.) GREY of Falloden

Mr. K. R. R. Sastry, M. A.,
Villupuram, S. India

—

Viscount Grey's Memorandum

The native British squirrel is the red squirrel. It is naturally very shy in a wild state. If taken young from the nest, it can be made very tame, but I have never dared that, as it is then separated from its natural conditions, and I am told that it does not then live long.

The wild squirrels at Falloden used t[illegible] sill of a window on the ground floor [illegible]o go on to the for nuts. The window was then ope[illegible] of the house were always placed inside the room. [illegible]ied and nuts into the habit of coming into the [illegible] They then got would do so when I was sitt[illegible] room for nuts, and I put a few nuts on the f[illegible]ing at my writing-table. squirrels got into th[illegible] floor close to my chair. The I was sitting in [illegible] habit of taking the nuts while had taken a [illegible]ny chair. Then, when a squirrel I would, b[illegible] nut and gone away to eat or bury it, hand fl[illegible]efore he returned, place the back of my my [illegible]at on the floor with the nuts in the palm of hand. When the squirrel returned, it was necessary to keep very still. He would at first be very surprised at seeing a hand and would examine it very cautiously, sometimes testing the tips of the fingers with his teeth, very gently, to see what the strange object was. At last, he would find there were nuts on the hand and take one and go off with it, and keep returning for more nuts. When the squirrel was quite used to this, I would raise [illegible] hand a few inches from the ground.

He would then put his forepaws on the hand a[illegible] reach up to take a nut out of the hand. When [illegible] was quite used to this, I would, when he reache[illegible]

to my hand, raise the hand higher very gently and slowly. He would then pull up his hind legs from the floor and sit on the hand.

Some squirrels used to come up on to my knee. There were always nuts placed on the writing-table and they would feed out of my hand on the writing-table, and there were always some that would sit on my hand quite confidently as long as I remained sitting, but they never became sufficiently tame to let me caress them with my hand, and if I got up to walk about the room, they would go out of the window, though they would very soon return.

The grey squirrel was introduced into England some time ago. It is common in the Parks in London. It is of a more tame disposition than the wild red squirrel and will eat with confidence out of the hands of the people. It becomes very used to people from seeing so many always walking about in the Parks.

"Dictionary House"

In many schools a certain amount of formal grammar is taught. I have adopted the following plan with Standards II, and III, and found it a great success.

Provide each pupil with a sheet of drawing paper, pencil, ruler, and a box of pastels, or water-colors. This portion of the work may be done during a drawing lesson, as a little diversion from the ordinary course followed in connection with drawing. On the blackboard draw a large dolls house; let children copy step by step. Divide the "House" into eight flats, have a garden in front, and one large front door. Let children color the drawing according to their own ideas and tastes. Each child is now ready for the next "Language Lesson".

Name the "House" "Dictionary House," and let the name be printed over the door. All the words in our language live in this house. They are divided into eight families, each family occupying a flat.

In flat No. 1 live the "*Nouns*". They are a very large family and often in request; so they live in the bottom flat, near the front door.

They are the names of persons, etc. Insert a little family history.

In flat No. 2 live their first cousins, the "*Pronouns*". A lesson on pronouns and their uses is taken here. Each part of speech is similarly treated, until the top flat is reached.

In a subsequent lesson, a simple sentence is given, the various words (as children) being allowed to play in the garden. At tea-time they are called in, and woe betide the one who enters the wrong flat. Each word is here seen entering its own flat, *i. e.*, it is printed in position.

This plan forms the basis of several lessons, and the children fully enter into the spirit of the device, one little maiden apologising, when I inspected her work, because the interjections had no curtains to their windows. They were busy "spring cleaning".

[No author's or newspaper's name sent.]

PATIENCE OF A BUDDHA-TO-BE

In a former time the Bodhisatta (our Buddha Gautama) was born as a squirrel. Once the rain came down and washed away his nest into the great sea. The Bodhisatta then thought: "I will rescue my children from the sea," and again and again wetting his tail and shaking it dry he began to empty the water from the sea. Then after seven days had passed, there came to him Sakka, the King of the Devas, who, enquiring about it, asked him: "What are you doing here?" The Bodhisatta explained the matter to him. The King of the Devas then told him that it was not possible to empty the sea. The Bodhisatta retorted: "There is not much use in my speaking with a lazy fellow like you; don't stop here." Thereupon Sakka thought to himself: "The determination of this Great Being cannot be destroyed," and brought his children back, and gave them to him. —A JATAKA